

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GOSPEL FARMING" SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text "I am the True Vine and My Father is the Husbandman"—John XV: 1.—Plowing and Sowing that We May Reap the Good Things of Life.



HIS last summer, having gone in different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn. We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, trying the grist in the center of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount you could see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre lot, for we find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession. Just as in Nebraska the United States Government on payment of \$16 years ago gave pre-emption right to 160 acres to any man who would settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground except ministers of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although I am told that sometimes ministers do plunge so deeply into worldliness that they remind one of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life, or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seventy-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it

is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Works and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plow-share turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried deep in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the soil without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After awhile my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—Plow deep! Plow deep! And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coultter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the drugist could give you one drop that could kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plow-share struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried so the plow-share of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurs or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the Cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, but at the upright piece, at the center of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross!

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than David, no worse scourged than Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual

joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! Reap!

The Savior folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Savior's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and woke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said, "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

"Was not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day; 'Twas an angel that visited the earth And took the flower away."

So may it be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

WHEEL HUMOR.

"I was told you wouldn't insure bicycle girls. Won't you insure me?" "Not on your life!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—Do you know this bicycle reminds me so much of you? He—How is that? She—I always have a dicken of a time getting it started.—Cleveland Leader.

"I see they are applying ball bearings to a great many things now." "Yes, they have a ball bearing sign down where I keep my watch."—Washington Times.

"I want the bicycle number of The Scottish Quarterly Review," said he to the newsdealer. "I don't think The Scottish Quarterly Review has issued a bicycle number, sir." "No? How very much behind the times!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

An elderly lady in Cleveland viciously "swiped" with an umbrella a scorching who missed her by about two inches, and the spectators applauded. An umbrella is very well, but there is something to be said in favor of an ax.—Minneapolis Journal.

She (on the way over)—Just to think that this big ship is absolutely under the control of the man at the wheel! He—Oh, that's nothing! The man on the wheel at home claims to have power enough to control the whole nation.—Philadelphia North American.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

An ordinary silk hat weighs only seven ounces.

The value of bicycle exports from Great Britain, whole or in portions, was last year a million and a half sterling.

Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the mediums generally used.

It is reported that a white whale was seen recently in Long Island Sound. This animal is rarely seen outside the Arctic regions.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor, the exact shape of the anchor used by the ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

Up to the beginning of the fourteenth century the popes of Rome were contented with a single crown; and in 1303 the first double one was assumed and in 1354 the present diara, or triple one, was adopted.

It is said that a large well known bank has an invisible camera in a gallery behind the cashier's desks, so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer can instantly have his photograph taken without his knowledge.

When the Trans-Siberian Railway is completed in 1900, it will be possible for a globe trotter to encircle the globe in thirty days. Over the new route he will be able to reach St. Petersburg from London in forty-five hours, and arrive at Port Arthur in 250 hours.

Three miles an hour is about the average speed of the Gulf Stream. At certain places, however, it attains a speed of fifty-one miles an hour, the extraordinary rapidity of the current giving the surface, when the sun is shining, the appearance of a sheet of fire.

The Mexican government has amended its patent law so that an inventor in order to keep a patent in his possession, has to pay a tax of \$50 for the first five years, \$75 for the second five years and \$100 for the third. Mexico does not believe in encouraging invention.

SILVER AND THE VALUE OF FARM LANDS.

The popocrats appear to have a mania for attributing all ills in our body politic, both real and imaginary, to the lack of free and unlimited coinage of silver. Among their numerous claims one of the boldest, perhaps, is that farm lands have depreciated in value along with the depreciation of silver bullion. As a matter of fact the decennial appraisements or valuations of farm land and town and city real estate in the state of Ohio show that instead of the value going down there has been a decided rise, proving that the assertions of free silver advocates are utterly false on this point as in other directions. Even if land values had depreciated since 1873 it would not prove that the act of that year caused it, but when they have actually risen in value it completely refutes the free silver assertion that because of the lack of free and unlimited coinage of silver land has depreciated in value.

The records of the state prove that the farm lands of Ohio are more valuable now than when silver was demonetized in 1873. The reports of the auditor of state speak for themselves and are proof positive. The valuation of land for taxation is made in Ohio every ten years, and it is only necessary to compare the valuation in 1870 with that of 1890 to show that land is higher today than when we had free silver. In 1870 valuations were made in an inflated currency. In other words, gold was at a premium of 15.2 per cent. In 1890 all currency was at a parity and the valuation was on a gold basis. In 1870 the valuation of farm lands in Ohio, exclusive of the real estate in the towns and cities, was \$503,351,297. This was in the inflated currency, gold being at a premium of 15.2 per cent, so that the real valuation of farm lands of Ohio in gold was \$436,936,889. In 1890 the valuation of land, exclusive of the real estate in towns and cities, was \$725,642,254, an increase over that of 1870 of \$288,705,365, or more than 66 per cent. In the same period silver bullion has fallen in value fully 50 per cent. These figures are for the entire state of Ohio. But to impress the fact more forcibly below is given the valuation of land in several of the representative counties of central Ohio, the figures in

each case showing a healthy increase in the twenty years:

County.	1870.	1890.	Increase.
Franklin	\$1,927,232	\$3,653,379	\$1,726,147
Delaware	5,942,571	9,849,259	3,906,688
Fairfield	8,841,789	11,113,770	2,271,980
Fayette	6,737,129	9,349,080	2,611,950
Champaign	2,956,829	11,146,440	8,189,610
Clark	7,587,380	10,835,300	3,247,920
Madison	5,702,650	9,173,416	3,470,766
Pickaway	10,388,629	18,667,449	8,278,820
Licking	11,533,881	18,873,169	7,339,288

Although the increase in the valuation of farm lands in the above-named counties has been at a healthy rate, the increase of town and city real estate has been at a higher percentage because the growth of population in Ohio in the twenty years has all been in the towns and cities.

Notwithstanding all the assertions of the popocrats to the contrary, the statement that farm lands in Ohio have fallen in value since the "crime of '73" is a gross falsehood, as the above figures taken from the official records of the state show. Fair-minded people will not tolerate such misrepresentation and the revolt against it has already come.

It is one of the peculiar features of the present campaign that the facts and figures are on the side of sound money. Popocrats do not try to disprove the figures. They content themselves with fine spun theories and attempts to sustain their position by bold assumptions. But mere assertions without any foundation in fact carry no weight. The figures of the state's records are positive, are not only made on facts, but are the facts themselves. They cannot be denied or disputed, and sincere people will accept them in preference to the wild and sweeping assertions of the popocrats. If, as they claim, the lack of the free coinage of silver in this country has caused all values to drop, how are they going to reconcile with their statement the increase in the valuation of farm lands under the limited coinage of today over the valuation under the free silver laws of 1870? It cannot be done. All of which goes to prove that the alleged crime of having no free and unlimited coinage of silver is not at all intimately connected with the value of land.

It is true the value of farm lands has fallen since 1880 in Ohio, but that has been due to the opening up of immense tracts of cheap land in the west and the great emigration to that section. Instead of farmers' sons remaining on the home farms and seeking to add to them, thus increasing the demand for

worth nothing forced into currency as money and not redeemable in money metal, therefore not properly money. DOUBLE STANDARD, the proposal that in the same country at the same time two yardsticks can be in use, one thirty-six inches long, another eighteen inches long, each to be called a yard. Gold is the yardstick thirty-six inches long, silver a yardstick eighteen inches long.

FREE SILVER, a popular way of describing the privilege sought by owners of uncoined silver to take it to the mints or assay offices of the United States and get in exchange standard money at the rate of \$1.29 per ounce of silver, although the real value of the metal to-day is a little over 60 cents per ounce. The owners of the bullion will make the profit and the government and the people be the losers. Silver will be no more "free" than now, and nobody will be able to get a dollar then otherwise than now, that is, by giving labor or some other commodity in exchange for it.

GOLD CERTIFICATE, a receipt by the government of the United States for not less than \$20 worth of gold, coined or uncoined, deposited in the treasury and returnable on demand in exchange for the receipt. These receipts are not nominally legal tender, but the government has made them practically so by accepting them for payment of duties on imports. None are issued when the gold in the treasury falls below \$100,000,000.

GOLD RESERVE, \$100,000,000 gold coin or bullion held in the treasury to maintain the specie payments and the parity of all legal tender American currency with gold.

GRESHAM'S LAW. When both metals are legal tender and have equal privilege at the mints, the cheaper will drive the dearer out of circulation. The law is as old as the currency, but was not named until after formulated by Sir Thomas Gresham 300 years ago. August 16, 1893, in the House of Representatives, William J. Bryan said: "We established a bimetallic standard in 1792, but silver, being overvalued by our ratio of 15 to 1, stayed with us and went abroad, where mint ratios were more favorable." If we should not open the mints to free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1, as Mr. Bryan advocates, the ratio would be

still more favorable to silver. We should lose our gold.

LEGAL TENDER, currency which a government permits a debtor to offer and compels a creditor to receive.

MINT, a place where money is coined. The name comes from Juno Moneta, Juno the adviser, adjoining whose temple on the Capitoline hill the Roman mint was.

MONEY, a thing universally recognized as having intrinsic value and used as a measure of value of other things; also a commodity.

PARITY, equality of purchasing power or debt-paying power.

PECUNIARY, referring to money.

RATIO, the rate at which gold measures the values of other metals. To-day one ounce of gold measures—that is, will buy—nearly thirty-two ounces of silver. The ratio is, therefore, 1 to 32. Gold is always the 1.

SEIGNIORAGE, the charge for stamping money. When coinage is free there is no seigniorage.

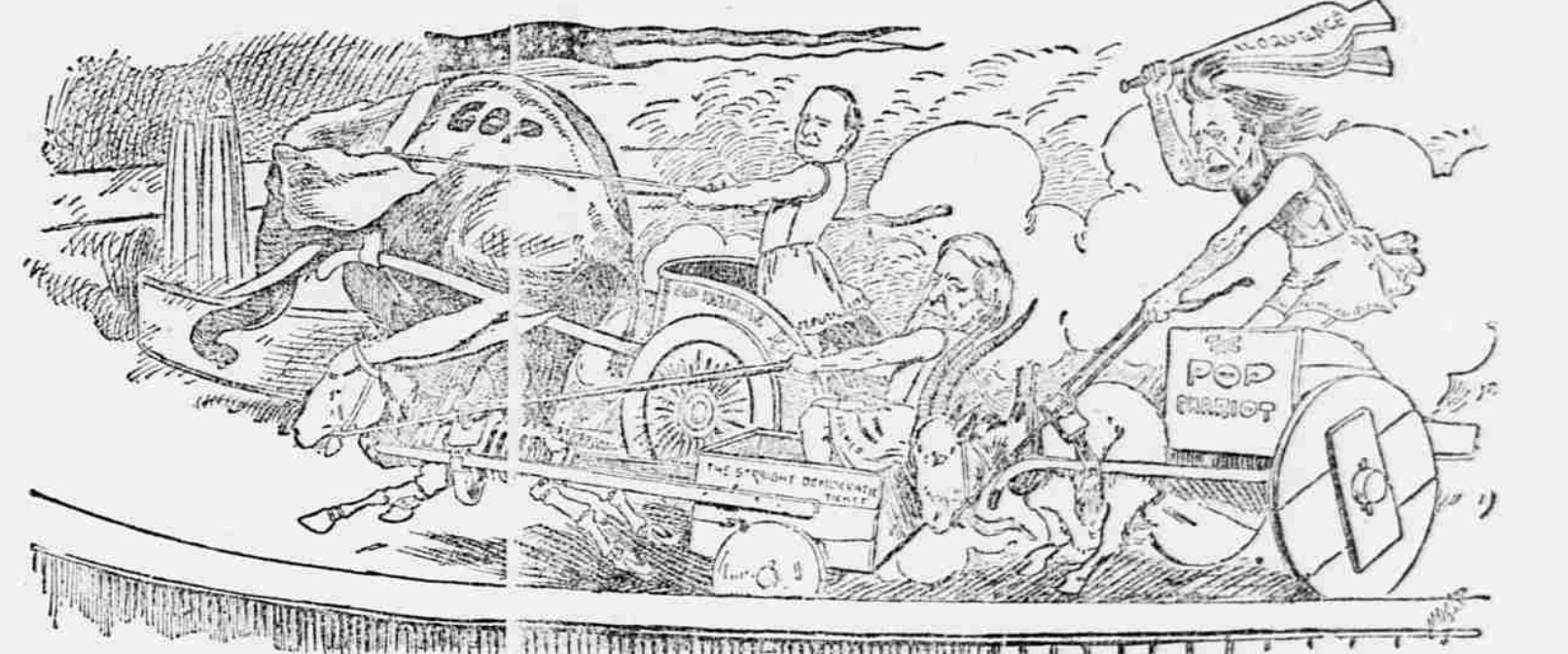
SILVER CERTIFICATE, a treasury receipt for silver dollars actually deposited. The receipts are not nominally legal tender, but are practically so, being accepted by the government for customs, taxes and other public dues, being thus kept at par with gold, the gold equivalence to be lost if we abandon the existing gold standard. They will then represent only the intrinsic value of the pure silver in the silver dollar and will fluctuate in purchasing power according to the market demand for silver bullion. That is, instead of being worth, as they are now, 100 cents to the dollar, they will be worth 53 cents, more or less, to the dollar.

SIXTEEN TO ONE, the demand of owners of uncoined silver that the government give them the equivalent of an ounce of gold for sixteen ounces of silver, although they cannot get the equivalent of an ounce of gold from any other source for less than about 32 ounces of silver.

STANDARD, that by which something is measured. Standard of value that by which value is measured. Gold is the universal money standard of value because it is not only held by mankind as the most precious of metals, but because all other kinds of money are rated according to their equivalent in it.

SUBSIDIARY COIN, small pieces of money metal having only limited legal tender power.

BLOCKED AT THE TURN!



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TALE, the thing told on the face of the coin—its declared value.

TOKEN MONEY, coins lawfully current for more than their real value.

TROY WEIGHT, twelve ounces to the pound, supposed to have taken its name from the goldsmiths of Troyes, a town of France, southeast of Paris.

UNIVERSAL STANDARD OF VALUE, gold, because all other commodities of the world are measured by their relation to it. Eighty per cent. of the world's business is done on the gold standard of value. Even in silver standard countries, where gold is not seen, prices are fixed by the gold standard, and the silver money fluctuates in value according to its relation to gold.—Pawtucket Post.

JUST HALF.

Pat—How do you stand on th' silver question, Mike?

Mike—Me? Sixteen to wan is moi platform.

Pat—Tis, is it? Wel, me laddy-buck, if you and the long-phiskered cranks win, ol'm thinking that by next winter everybody's platform will be, "Nothin' to ate!"

This Couldn't Have Been Kentucky.

A Kentucky tramp called at a residence and solicited food. The housewife gave him some saleratus biscuits. The tramp thanked her and then, stepping off a few yards, threw the biscuits at the windows of the house, breaking the glass in every one of them. Then with the remaining biscuits he put the family to flight.

The Bicycle Craze.

People who think the "bicycle craze" is on the wane will open their eyes when they read an announcement of a sale, by a New York firm, of good bicycles at \$18 each brought 49,000 eager purchasers to the store. The crash was so great that after several persons had been injured the proprietors were obliged to stop the sale.

Moses Brown of Boston has the credit of making the first deposit of gold bullion to be coined. In 1795 he deposited \$2,276.72.